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Photograph by
RICHARD A. JORDAN, '48



EDITORIAL

AIMS OF JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

Johnson High School has many aims. The first and foremost is to turn out good and intelligent citizens. By this, I mean persons who have been trained in character, who can be depended upon to go out into the world and be useful citizens.

We at Johnson are urged to study and to strive for high marks, so as to be prepared for the career of our choice. This aim also helps us to work out our problems. By doing our own homework, we learn to depend entirely upon ourselves.

Another aim that is very important is to be a good sport and a good loser. In baseball, football, basketball and other athletics, we know we can do only the best that we are able, and oftentimes that's not enough, and we lose. Here at Johnson we are helped to overcome being a poor loser.

Johnson High School students have set up the ideal of being good sports as well as good losers.

Claire Frances Doran, '45

MEANING OF THE LAST YEAR IN SCHOOL

The senior year in school, I think, is the most important to the student. Many of us sail right through our first three years without a plan, without the slightest effort to make our future years as worthwhile as possible. The average person will not look ahead very much, but waits until the day of reckoning. Sometimes, this is too late. The same is true of school. Usually by the time a student is a

senior, he begins to take notice of how quickly time is passing, and how few plans have been made. A person has to grow up a lot in his senior year. He has to realize that the outside world will not plan each day's work for him. If he hasn't any initiative, it will have to be developed.

Roberta Hutton, '45

A NEW SCHOOL

There isn't any doubt in anyone's mind that we need a new high school. If it isn't possible to have a new school, at least improvements ought to be made pretty soon. The lighting is very poor in almost every room. If you sit a little to one side in some of the rooms, you can't see the writing on the blackboard. A new cafeteria is very badly needed. When you go into the cafeteria it isn't where you want to go, it's where the crowd wants to go. If all the classes have the same recess, it is almost an impossibility to get into the cafeteria. When a new cafeteria is built, chairs and tables ought to be put in it, so the students can eat their lunches in comfort. An improvement which is very badly needed is a new gym. The gym we have now is much too small and the ventilation is very poor. The new gym ought to have stands surrounding it, and glass backboards, so that when people attend a basketball game they will know when a team scores. A new gym would also make the gym classes more interesting and so many students wouldn't have colds on account of poor ventilation in the gym. The heating system also could be im-

proved. Sometimes you come out of a room that was very warm and go into one that is quite cold. That is about as easy a way as any of catching a nice cold. These are only a few of the many improvements that can be made.

Clifton Milne, '45

A CONTRAST IN SCHOOL GYMS

Punchard High School has the best and most up to date gym I have ever seen. The hall is divided into three parts by sliding partitions. They have three basketball courts, one running lengthwise and the other two cross-wise. They also have a large auditorium with a balcony and a projecting room. The stage can be made larger by sliding back another partition, which leads into the gym.

Johnson High School has but one undersized gym. The benches are huddled along the side of the wall. This makes it dangerous for players to run around. The gym has but one basketball court, unfit for a game to be played, because of the floor, which in some places, has been broken. The gym also is damp and cold, because of the water main which leaks up through the floor.

William Gosselin, '46

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS TO BOYS OVER SEAS

There are a great many rules to follow when writing to your serviceman. The first and most important thing is to keep cheerful.

Tell him of humorous or interesting incidents that happened in your town

or neighborhood. Above all don't complain to him about shortages or war-time disadvantages and don't tell him about illnesses or accidents that will worry him. He has enough to keep him busy without shouldering your worries too. I have heard tales by my brothers, of men who had had bad news from home. They just sat there sulking. Others who just couldn't take it any longer ended it all. Don't tell him how terrible it is without him, or how you just can't get along without him. If you want to tell him you miss him, do it when you're writing your closing paragraph, but don't fill the letter with it.

Another point to remember is to write naturally. Don't make your letter sound strained, as though you were holding something back, but write as though you were standing next to him talking to him. You must be careful how you write it, for if you don't act natural, he might think something is wrong.

You can see I have stressed the point of preventing him from worrying and trying to cheer him. There is no need to force him to worry over something he couldn't do anything about anyway. Write often and make it a good, long letter. Don't just write a few lines, just so you can say you wrote, but put all you have into it. Write to all your friends in the service. They're all glad to receive a letter from home. Remember that great American saying, "If you don't write, you're wrong."

Ethel Winning, '46



LITERARY

THE ONE ON THE GROUND

Has death ever taunted you? Have you ever seen it riding the skies? Have you watched the one dearest to you climb casually into the cockpit of a trim, silver monoplane?

His cool, calm hands adjust his headgear. Already he has forgotten you. Without a glance around, he starts the engine of his plane, that sleek symbol of man's conquest of the air. Serenely he glides across the field and gracefully leaves the white ribbon of the runway. Slowly he mounts toward heaven. He is a stunt pilot, clever, quick, daring.

You watch him maneuver the slight plane. She lifts her nose as a flower lifts its face to the sun. The man at the controls guides her movements, rejoicing in her strength and agility. She sways somewhat, turns an instant, rights herself, and soars upward, quivering gently.

You wonder whether the man directing this flippant, seemingly giddy craft, is now a part of her; whether he understands all her moods; whether the small machine and he are in complete coordination. Then suddenly, like a tiny wounded bird, she wavers, and falls, turning and twisting, faster and faster! You scream! But just as suddenly now, the plane swoops gallantly skyward again. Your love-driven pulse races madly. You realize your uselessness.

Perhaps he'll never come down. The tiny, insignificant bit of machinery may trap him, trick him. No! Insistently you recall his marvelous ability to conquer dangers which have seemed to you to be gripping him.

Courage! But now your heart swoops down again as the plane dives, plunging desperately!

Mercilessly, you crush your hands together. You wish that he were anywhere but in that enchanting, ruthless sky. Now you remind yourself again how often you have seen him successfully doing aerobatics. Some of his ships have been huge, dignified monsters with three pounding engines; others, like this one, small and beautiful. You decide that the small demons are the most terrifying. They hold themselves so haughtily; they are so treacherous.

Eyes glued to the minute object holding the destiny of one so very dear, you berate yourself for allowing him to be fascinated by such dangers. But what can you do? The new adventure delights him more than love. You grow angry, experiencing a bitter, penetrating passion. He is thrilled with his newest companion, this beautiful, hateful plane. You are shaken with your rising wrath. Next time he must choose. You or the plane!

Sweeping the air with careless wings, plunging closer to the earth every time, the small ship seems to screech shrilly in her crazy tossing! Each time on rising she moans, so that a dagger sinks into your heart. Perhaps the sound is the pilot's last cry; perhaps the small traitor, the plane, is almost sad in her bliss; perhaps she is repenting the agony she has caused you. If they fall, she too will be destroyed. Now she seems to be quiet, soothed. She is less impulsive, less dangerous as she leaps

through space. Is it her selfish desire to preserve her own life?

At last she drops, almost silently, smoothly to the ground, slipping, one might say, sheepishly toward you. Now she's merely crawling. Now she's motionless. Innocently she stands before you, a slight but lovely object. How you hate her! Then he clammers out of the cockpit, his expression serene, confident, almost nonchalant. Does he see you? You turn toward him, waiting.

William Torrey, '46

MY UNCLE'S ADVENTURE

One particular incident in my uncle's life took place when he was with the American Third Infantry in France, during the First World War. It all started when my uncle was doing guard duty. The camp, which was situated on the edge of a forest, had two hundred "Jerry" prisoners, and his duty was to patrol the outskirts of the camp, and to see that no prisoners escaped.

Now one dark night, while mechanically trudging his weary beat, his heart suddenly pounded furiously, because of some rustling in the underbrush. It resembled a slinking "Jerry" prisoner.

"Halt! Come forward and be recognized," my uncle bravely shouted.

Nothing happened, and the rustling ceased. Trying to persuade himself that it was only his imagination, he continued his routine. Upon his reaching the same spot a second time, the rustling commenced again.

This time he more persistently shouted, "Halt!"

Realizing that it had no intentions of surrendering, he took no chances and yelled, "Corporal of the Guard!"

Suddenly whistles blew, and sounding like a hundred feet, out dashed the burly, toughened squad, under command of the corporal.

After a thorough search, the intruder was brought before my uncle. It had turned out to be a French hog that was separated from its master.

Peter White, '48

ANN AND THE MOUSE

Ann sat tense on top of a kitchen stool, her knees drawn up under her chin, her hands clutching her skirt tightly around her ankles. In the next room Ann's chums sat about the fire whispering to one another and gossiping about the latest news. They called Ann in to join them, as they knew she was very timid and afraid of the least little thing. Ann slid her legs down the rungs of the stool and toed the floor. She pulled her skirt tight around her legs and began picking her way across the fifteen feet of linoleum, her eyes fixed on the shadowy spot under the stove, where the joke mouse had disappeared. Suddenly a part of the shadow detached itself and slid over the floor. Ann, seeing it, in one spring regained the stool. She wasn't sure she had made any sound, but the feel of the scream in her throat had drowned out the laughter that was coming from the next room. She settled herself on the stool and tried to scream for help, but no words seemed to come out. Suddenly she fainted. Her chums, hearing a thud, decided to investigate. When they found her on the floor they poured water over her face and brought her to.

After all the excitement was over, the girls told Ann that the mouse was only a toy. Poor Ann! She was so angry she didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Being a good sport, she laughed and said, "I'll do something drastic to get even...." Ann didn't finish her sentence, because there in the hallway sat a tiny mouse staring innocently at her.

Shirley Britton, '45

WHEN A BULL SNAKE AND A RATTLER MEET

One evening in summer several years ago, while I was on my way home from fishing, I heard a noise. I knew at once that a rattle snake was near, for I could hear the rattles, but a moment or two later near the bank of the river I heard a noise of a different kind. On hurrying toward it I found a huge bull snake that was lashing her head back and forth in a mad attempt to shake apart an overgrown toad.

Just then I remembered that bull snakes and rattlers are deadly enemies, and, grabbing the big fellow and thrusting it into a burlap bag I had expected to put my fish into, I ran at top speed to the place where I heard the rattler. I found him. He was a gigantic fellow, thickset, powerful of jaw, and at least six feet long.

I dropped my bag, and out came the bull snake, free from the bag. He advanced toward me, but in a moment the rattle snake sounded his rattlers, and like a flash the bull snake turned. Raising his head a foot or more, he remained quite still as if listening. Another buzz perhaps twenty feet away, and the bull snake knew where his enemy was. With a rush he started for the rattler, which turned and fled. Fearing it would disappear into a hole, the bull snake quickly gained on him. When they were about six feet apart, they stopped and remained perfectly still. At the end of about a minute, the rattler suddenly drew himself into a coil, and the bull snake started to circle, keeping about six feet from it.

When the bull snake had almost encircled his foe with his length, he suddenly drew himself together in a coil like the rattler. Then suddenly the bull snake made a terrific jump and landed on the side of his enemy.

Then movements became so fast

I was unable to follow. A few minutes later the fight ceased. For a moment both lay still. Then the bull snake with his head bleeding from wounds, moved weakly in the direction of the marshes.

Then I followed the rattler, but he had not gone far before he stopped and drew himself up in lumps almost like knots; then turned on his back and before long ceased to move.

Alfred Moscariello, '48

A CONTRAST

From a bustling thoroughfare a broad, tree-lined lane winds its way to a cluster of milk-white buildings. On one side of the lane is a large, rolling pasture. About fifty reddish brown and white Guernsey cows graze leisurely in the abundant, tall, green grass. On the other side, a field of flowing grass reels before the flashing, razor sharp knives of a power mower, drawn by a shiny, red tractor. Down the lane, a little farther, in another field, another tractor is busily at work pulling a pick-up-baler, a machine that scoops up the golden brown strands of hay and presses them into a bale. Following right behind it, an all-purpose truck, filled with a crew of men, picks up the bales. At the end of the lane sits a neat little modern house. In back of it, the barns are situated. There is a one-story cow-barn equipped with electric milkers and automatic water system. In the dairy is an electric cooler and bottle washer and cream separator. Off to the side of the cow-barn is the hay, tractor and machine barn. On the first floor is shiny equipment of all kinds. Over head the sweet smelling hay is stored.

On the other hand we have this picture. At the end of a dirty, dusty country road is a sprawl of unpainted run-down buildings. On one side of the road is an undernourished plot of

land that serves as a pasture for a dozen or more cows of all breeds. Here they seek out a meager mouthful of dry burned grass. On the other side a rickety horse-drawn wagon is being loaded manually with forkfuls of grass. In an adjoining field a horse-powered mowing machine chews off the tender, green grass with its dull, nicked teeth. The house, dirty, gray, unpainted, sits amid a sea of junk. The barn, rambling and old, houses both the cows and the horses and above, in rickety lofts, the yearly crop of hay. The water is supplied by a large tub in the barn-yard. The tiring task of milking is done by hand. There is no electric bottle washer in the milkroom and the tank is cooled by ice. Battered, rusty machinery lies here and there, among the tumbled-down sheds. There, certainly, is a contrast.

Gardner Cook, '46

AN INQUISITIVE CROW

You can shoot, trap or poison them, but the easiest way to destroy them is to hurt their pride.

I can remember one Sunday when I was hunting just outside of Pelham. Having had no luck at game birds, we decided to try to bag those wily marauders of the sky which were very abundant this year. Five or six pleading blasts on the crow call and Mr. Crow could resist no longer. He left the seclusion of his pine tree to aid his troubled friend. Over he came and swooped into a majestic glide. The raucous explosion as pin met primer disturbed him from his glide abruptly. He stopped dead in his tracks and headed for the wide open spaces. All of a sudden, he plummeted downward!

An old crony insisted that I had missed him and the crow had died from "broken spirit and pride." I thought I had undershot at that,—I wonder?

Donald Kimel, '46

SAILING

The sailboat glided swiftly and smoothly across the glowing blue water. As the bright red and orange sunset glowed on the tops of the camps, the moon could be seen creeping across the horizon for the night. The calm breathless wind blew against the white satin sails. The ripples that the rudder had made died out very slowly and the water was almost motionless across to the white yellowish sand and the dark, black rocks on the rough sharp shore.

WINTER TIME

While I am sitting here sprawled out and quite undecided on what to write about I think of those lonesome beautiful white figure skates just waiting to be used. Well, white beauty, it looks as if you will have to take a back seat for a while because last night the white cotton-like snow flakes fell continuously through the dark still air. But, alas, to no avail. The trees in the woods and along the way to school were covered with this soft but cold white sheet, and are more beautiful than any artist could ever hope to paint.

Children wallowed along in the snow where in places it reached their knees, but they were happy, for this was Christmas time.

Now as I sit here and gaze out the window I see the icicles on the roof are slowly melting. Bang! What was that? Only snow falling off the roof. The snow on the roads is turning to slush and by the time school is over and the children reach home there are going to be many wet feet. From this description you can see that the sun is doing quite a destructive piece of work on Jack Frost's neat looking paint job.

Hazel Wood, '45

AN EXPERIENCE WITH MIRRORS

An audience pays all sorts of fees just to watch a magician entertain them with his tricks of illusions. Yet, a very clever manifestation of this art can be seen at a fresh-fruit orange stand at Coney Island, for nothing at all. This particular illusion features a glass pitcher suspended from the ceiling by a wire, and surrounding this pitcher are mirrors. A person looking at it can see no tube or pipe leading up to it, yet orange juice flows continuously from it into a bowl. I was tempted to touch it to see just how many mirrors there were and how they were arranged, but unfortunately, the set-up was over the counter and beyond my reach.

Eleanor George, '48

ADVENTURE OF THE SILVER FOX

One afternoon my grandmother and two of the boys, George and Harold, were sitting in the kitchen. Suddenly they heard their dog, Mickey, barking down in the garden, so George and Harold went to see what was the matter. Upon arriving, before their astonished eyes they saw a sly, small, silver fox caught in a trap.

Also they noticed its mate standing near-by in a small clump of bushes as it watched its mate in distress.

Quickly the boys ran home to get a rag bag. Upon returning they put the small creature in the bag. George slung it over his shoulder and was off to the house.

He walked straight into the kitchen and dumped it on the floor, trap too.

My grandmother took the trap off the animal's foot. As she did this the fox ran into the bedroom and under the baby's crib.

They tried in vain to get it out by luring it with bread and meat, but it still wouldn't budge. Finally they shut

the door and left it till morning.

When morning came they called the game warden. He couldn't get it out either. The final conclusion was they had to kill the poor, dumb, little, sly silver fox.

John Wolfenden, '48

SKIING IN THE MOUNTAINS

My favorite winter sport is skiing. A lot of people who go skiing up in the mountains, go like the wind to show off. Usually they end up in a tangled mess at the bottom of the trail. One day my father and I took the two boys next door and the one up the street, to the mountains skiing. We all went up to the half-way mark on the ski-mobile. All the rest had gone down but me. When I looked down, it looked so far I lost my nerve. Some fat, fur-clad man yelled, "Are you going down or not?" (In such circumstances you either move over so he can get by, or get up your nerve and go down first. Usually I move over and let him go down. If he's in that much of a hurry to get down, who am I to stop him?) Finally I got up enough nerve and went down. About three-fourths of the way down I came upon a knoll, or what looked at first to be a bear. Much to my surprise it turned out to be my friend who had been in such a dither about getting to the bottom. I passed him, but had not gone very far when he went by me like a shot out of a gun. When he had almost reached the bottom something happened. From where I was I could not see, but my friend went flying head over heels and rolled like a ball the rest of the way down. I laughed so hard I almost lost my balance and did the Irish jig to get it back.

When I got to the bottom I looked at the man. His coat looked as if it had been through the Civil War and his skis, oh dear, they were broken

in three or four places. Taking off what was left of the skis he hobbled off towards the Inn. You can enjoy your winter sports more by taking your time and being careful, than hurrying and getting hurt.

Ethel Raitt, '45

THE IMPOSSIBLE

Recently I took a pen and paper and began to jot down a list of New Year resolutions. I sat for an hour pondering, and then decided that it would be impossible to cease smoking, swearing and the like. It isn't nice, but I figured that when I'm with the gang, they'd razz me for refusing a butt, etc.

Every year I make resolutions and break them as fast as I make them. But at last I thought of one resolution which my will power could undertake. That was to do my homework before any outside recreation. This I vowed I couldn't and wouldn't break.

Tuesday morning after arriving at school, the gang decided that we'd have a game of hockey and skate about 4:30. I decided that I could hurry home and do my homework. I had two study periods the next day, and could accomplish a great deal in that time. So all I had to do was my math.

I didn't wait for the gang after school, but hurried directly home. On the table was a note from my mother, demanding me to be sure to chop some wood, *right after school*. Which comes first, homework or housework? But gosh! Mother demanded this, and she means business, so down cellar I went.

I chopped for two hours, and then fled up the stairs and began to ponder over the first problem. That's when the gang came. I made up my mind to do my homework, so I told them I wouldn't go. They laughed and

trudged off down the road, each one whistling, their hockey stick and skates flung over their shoulders. I sat at my desk watching them trudge down the road until they disappeared.

I thought, "What do I care about the hypotenuse! It's not my turn to be goalie, so I'm getting into that game!" and off I went after my skates, my one and only resolution ruined, for an exciting game of hockey.

Thomas Giaquinta, '46

AN EXPERIENCE I HAD LAST SUMMER

"Oh, Viola! I'm afraid to go any farther and I'm afraid not to. Won't you speed the car up?"

Viola smiled grimly to herself.

"Which shall it be Margie? Shall we stop or shall we try to go faster?" Viola asked me as I sat beside her in her sporty little roadster.

My answer was drowned out by a peal of thunder which followed a blinding flash of lightning. Viola cast a glance at the sky, where black and lead colored clouds twisted.

"Look how yellow the sky is getting in the southwest," I exclaimed.

"I guess we're in for it," Viola cried, as the trees and shrubs bent before a blast of hot wind. A peculiar yellowish tinge spread over the sky, tinting the landscape with a ghostly pallor. Then without further warning, as if a gigantic bucket had been inverted overhead, the rain poured down in torrents.

Just then Viola exclaimed, "Isn't that a light ahead, Margie?"

I peered through the murk.

"It's a house I'm sure," I cried.

Viola stopped her roadster. The people in the house cordially welcomed us. We were thankful that we had sought shelter.

Marguerite Glidden, '48

THE DEACON AND THE BEAR

While looking for a story, I chanced to meet an old man in West Andover. I asked him if he knew any stories about my ancestors. He said that the best one he knew would be about my great-great-great-grandfather, Deacon Ebenezer Lovejoy, a big man, and a staunch Methodist. As a Deacon of the old West Parish Church in West Andover, he was conducting a prayer meeting. Suddenly he saw a bear in the field that bordered the church yard. He suddenly ended the prayer with a loud amen, and said, "Let's go out and get that thair bear," and without further ado the men grabbed their guns and went after the bear. It is worth noting that the Deacon got the bear.

The teller of this story places the time about 1780 and tells me this story was quite popular among the residents of Old Andover.

Arthur Lovejoy, '48

A RAINY DAY PASTIME

I don't know why, but every time it rains, and we have no school, it just happens to be the day my mother has a lot of cleaning to do.

We usually start upstairs after dinner, because we have to prepare dinner in the morning. When we finally get started upstairs the first thing you know my brother and sister are quarreling downstairs. My mother goes downstairs to see what is happening. Of course, it is usually some trivial matter.

As soon as she is back upstairs, the door bell rings. I rush down to see who it is, and almost blow up when it is only someone selling something. I say "NO!" before they even start talking, but they still talk on for about five minutes.

I just get back upstairs when someone calls my brother to go out. My mother tells him he has to stay in, so

he gets mad and sulks.

When the upstairs is finally cleaned, we start downstairs. My brother has everything strewn all over the place, because he is mad, and the room looks as though a cyclone has struck it. By the time we have finished, it is time to prepare supper, as we eat quite early.

After supper, I go out. When I get home and in bed, I think of the hectic day I have had and I am thankful that I don't have to go through that every day. Betty Riedel, '45

ON THE AIR

Last Saturday morning when I was awakened by my father, I knew it was a special day. Usually my parents let me sleep until 8:00, so I knew this particular Saturday was different. I then realized I was to play on the radio, station WLAW in Lawrence, at 9:15. When I got out of bed I was very excited, so much so that I didn't eat any breakfast. It was an unusual experience for me.

At 8:15 Arthur Terret, whom I was to accompany on the piano, came with his father in their car. When we arrived at our destination we still had to wait at least forty-five minutes before we would go on the air. Ray MacDonnell, the announcer for our program, showed us around the studio. He informed us that we would be allowed to go into Studio A at 9:00 to practice. It seemed over an hour to me, but we were finally permitted to go in. The chief engineer gave us an audition and we were on the air! It just didn't seem possible that anyone could actually hear us. I was not nervous at all, as it was just like practicing at home. The broadcast seemed to end in less than five minutes, we were so intent on our playing. I liked it very much and I hope to go again sometime soon.

Shirley Wilcox, '48

ON THE ICE

Since the chill has begun to set in, my nine-year-old sister has had both eyes peeled on the pond opposite our house. Her one interest during the winter months concerns skating conditions existing there. She tries to ascertain whether the slippery surface is formidable enough to withstand her weight, yet soft enough to cushion her back-flops and swan dives, which I am afraid at the moment, are many and occur at uncomfortably close intervals.

In preparing herself for an afternoon work-out she bundles herself so thoroughly that I wonder at times whether this is done to keep snugly warm, or if this padding is used to acquire a soft buffer between the surface and her, during their frequent clashes.

When she returns after a few hours of these tiring ice gymnastics she invariably is so exhausted that she looks as though she has just experienced a year's service with Patton's Army!

Emily George, '46

A DAY ON A CLIPPER

On my trip back to the United States I had a wonderful experience, a ride on a clipper. I got on the clipper about 9:00 o'clock in the morning at Cristobal, Panama. The clipper was very large and was divided into compartments. As I stepped down the steps into the plane, I noticed that this was the first compartment. The luggage was kept there. The second compartment contained seats for ten people. The third was just like the second. This was where I sat. The fourth compartment had two tables and was larger than the others. The fifth was like the second; this was where the crew rested. The sixth was the kitchen where the hostesses prepared the food. From the kitchen steps led upward to the cockpit.

I looked out of the window all morning, but all I could see were clouds, and far below, the blue water. After lunch was served I played cards with a hostess. Then I fell asleep. The hostess woke me up about three o'clock to tell me that we were going over Cuba. I looked down through the clouds and all I could see were the tops of trees far below. I arrived in Miami about 6:00 o'clock. That was my first and probably my last ride on a clipper.

Barbara Venner, '48

AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION

It was the last day before Christmas, and Boston was full of busy, hurrying people. Its drizzling mist was melting the thin coating of snow and leaving a slippery scum on the smooth pavements. I was hurrying along Tremont Street, just about to cross Park Square, when a large team of lumber caught my eye. The horses were struggling with the load, and on account of the condition of the road, one horse fell. No sooner had the driver succeeded in raising him, than a second followed the example of the first.

My heart alternated from my overshoes to my mouth, but although I was much interested in the welfare of the horses, I had no time to watch the incident. Very foolishly I started to cross the square, with my eyes glued to the scene. All went well the first half of the journey, but then I came to a sudden stop, as a deep voice spoke right into my ear, "Well, Miss, this is rather an unexpected pleasure." The tall, handsome, traffic officer had been standing with outstretched arms, and I walked right into them. Never again will I look at an incident that doesn't concern me.

Marjorie Howard, '48

TOWARD THE END OF DAY

The world rotates, and the nights
grow long.

No more do we hear the bluebird's
song.

The smoke from burning leaves
climbs high;
Upward, toward the bright blue
sky.

The children playing 'round about,
Jump and run,—as they call and
shout.

Unmindful of the chilling wind
That soon will drive them all within.

The setting sun casts a shining ray,
And folks return from the working
day.

The chimneys smoke as the hearths
are lit,
While the folks delight in the
warmth of it.

The harvest is in, and the work is o'er
The folks now think of the food in
store.

And unfearful of the storms to come
They revel in the thoughts of work
well done.

Marie Broderick, '48

IN ELFLAND

'Twas in elfland that this story began
On a bright and sunny day,
The elves were dancing 'round their
queen
In a manner bright and gay.

A giant heard their merry song,
It made him angry and mad.
What right had they to be happy and
gay

When he was lonely and sad?

The giant stalked down from his
mountain home
Intent on killing the elves,
But they were ready to meet the foe
For they could take care of them-
selves.

The elves succeeded in killing the
giant

For there was no other way,
The elves were free to dance again
In a manner bright and gay.

Nancy Ballantyne, '48

THE PIRATE

My bed is like a ship tonight
A-rolling on the sea,
My pillow is the cabin hold,
And I am the pirate bad and bold,
A-sailing on the sea!

My sheet I use for the spreading sail,
The posts are for the masts,
My mattress is a chest of gold;
For I am the pirate bad and bold,
As long as daylight lasts.

My blanket turned is the forward
deck,
The cover a cloud of snow,
My life is the wildest story told,
For I am a pirate bad and bold,
And follow the winds that blow.

My thoughts are a turbulent stream
of red,
That fade to a field of white,
And lead me away to a shepherd's
fold,
Yet I *was* a pirate bad and bold,
Till my dreams crept away in the
night.

William Torrey, '46

THE TRANSFORMATION

'Twas in the 15th century,
When a knight came to my door,
He knocked and knocked and knocked
again
Till I thought he'd break the door.

At last I hurried and answered it
For fear he'd break it down,
But when I opened the heavy door
There was only a frog on the ground.

This knocking continued all day and
night,
'Twas scaring me half to death.

With haste I'd always open the door
To find a frog on my step.

But oh! I let the poor thing in,
It dined on roast and pie.
I thought I'd been a little bold,
'Cause maybe it would have died.

At night this frog slept on a pillow
Lined with feathers and silk.
The spell was broken and 'fore me
 stood
A knight, dressed in steel and silk.

Cynthia Ebersbach, '48

WHY READ BIOGRAPHIES

Without doubt, the primary purpose of the reading of biographies is to view the life of some well-known individual. One of the favorites is the growth of a President perhaps from a childhood of poverty to a young manhood of misfortunes and when maturity is reached, the presidency. Another interesting type of biography is one dealing with an inventor. If we read the whole life of such a man, we can see more clearly how he came to discover whatever he did. For example, when Louis Pasteur was a boy, on the tip of his tongue constantly lay the question, "Why?" Thus, by going ahead in an attempt to find out "Why?" he discovered, among other things, the pasteurization of milk. Edison also experienced an entertaining life. As you would expect from his life story, his career was climaxed by a great invention—that of the electric light bulb. Then too, authors usually lead intriguing lives. Mark Twain, the humorist, drew the plot for most of his stories from his own life aboard a steamboat on the Mississippi. You see, we can understand the history of inventions and how great men lived prior to their rise in the public eye.

We can also read biographies for sheer entertainment. These people often lead curious lives and we enjoy

reading about them. It is really a satisfaction to sit back and laugh at, pity, or at least get a bird's eye view of another person's life. If we compare with our own, we can sometimes find remarkable similarities and peculiar dissimilarities. The book, "Story of a Bad Boy" has brought many a father back to his not so angelic childhood and has enabled him to understand his son more clearly.

To learn by the experience of others instead of by personal experience is much more pleasant. If we see the predicament someone else got into because of a wrong thing he did, we are not so apt to do that ourselves and thus we save ourselves heartache. By reading biographies, we discover more about life itself, that is, the trials people have to suffer and the unfortunate situations we are subject to. After that, we feel how lucky we are and begin to appreciate what we have.

Yes, the reading of biographies has many opportunities to offer. The one we are most familiar with, however, is the fact that they can help us to be a more cosmopolitan figure in society. The next time you go to the library to get a book to read for pleasure, why not push aside those novels for a change, and try a biography or an autobiography? It might prove worth while.

Bette Lewis, '45

A BOOK I HAVE OUTGROWN

When I was about five, I had a favorite book called "The Pinto Pony." It was a fabulous tale of the wild and woolly West. Redskins flashed across one page with cowboys hot in pursuit on the next. It had no real value, but nevertheless I enjoyed it.

My hero was a kindly white-haired gent, who shot first and asked questions later. No matter what the cir-

cumstances or the odds, "My Hero" always came through with flying colors. If, at the end of Chapter One, he was hurtling through space to his death at the foot of the fifty mile canyon, Chapter Two never failed to find him with both feet on terra firma. How he got there was, it would seem, just so much unnecessary explanation.

That which seemed so breath-taking to me then, has since lost its hair-raising appeal.

Barbara Cochrane, '46

MY LIBRARY

Scanning my bookcases the other day I was quite surprised to see how many books I have collected during my school career. Each book marks a definite phase in my life which I don't think I'll ever forget. For instance, Robert Louis Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" was a preschool favorite—then continuing up the ladder, "Heidi", "The Cuckoo Calls", "The Bobsey Twins' Series", "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer", "Robinson Crusoe", "Treasure Island", The Girl Scout Series, "Nancy Drew Detective" Series, "Learning to Speak and Write English", "The Literary Readers", and countless others.

Of course, upon entering secondary school I needed books with much more information in them — hence, a set of encyclopedias, a big new Webster's "Revised Dictionary," a "French Reader", "An Invitation to Spanish", etc. Among my novels and other literary works gathered in this period are: "A Tale of Two Cities", "Seventeen", "Madame Curie", "Oliver Wiswell", "The Complete Plays of Gilbert and Sullivan", "Sodium by the Sea", "The Importance of Living", several mystery murder thrillers, and last but not the least, the "Complete Works" of Shakespeare.

Books have always meant a lot to

me and I look forward to receive at least one every birthday and Christmas. On rainy days I love to curl up in a comfortable chair and read a book picked at random—and then even wild horses couldn't drag me away from it! Rita Malek, '46

THE BEST WAY TO SPEND OLD AGE

I believe the best way to spend old age is to make really interesting memories during youth. I have observed quite a few old people and almost without exception they relive experiences and adventures of years gone by over and over again.

Patience and understanding I think are the outstanding virtues of old age. Grandparents are much more patient with grandchildren than they ever were with their own children.

Most old people have known extreme sorrow as well as the greatest pleasures. Time and time alone mellows old people or turns them into dissatisfied sour pessimists. Constant fault finding and lack of appreciation are habits that lead to miserable old age.

I know of one old lady who has a keen mind and a sparkling personality when she chooses. Instead of being the charming person she could so easily be, she spoils it all by self pity. At one time she had youth, beauty and money and the loss of all that made her bitter and complaining. If she only knew she has a good deal to be thankful for, thoughtful children (although not wealthy) who give her everything she needs. She also has good health and a good warm home with plenty of good food. I often compare this woman with my own grandmother, a fine, understanding, lovable woman, who never complained when times were not too good, and was ever so grateful for the smallest favors done for her.

Edward Bardsley, '45



RECORD

SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR DANCE

The juniors played host to the sophomores on December 15. The hall was very attractively decorated in green and red. Christmas bells hung from a number of the streamers. A large piece of mistletoe, which was the center of attraction was placed in a bell in the center of the room. George Emmons supplied the music, Misses Donlan, Torpey, Sheridan, Mr. Donovan and Mr. Hayes were the chaperons. They, as well as the students had a grand time dancing. The Grand March was led by the sophomore class officers, Herbert Wild, President; Harold Vincent, Vice President; and George Stewart, Secretary - Treasurer. Refreshments were served by some of the junior boys. The decorations did not stay up long, for the students took them home for souvenirs.

ALUMNI NOTES

Four of last year's graduates, Gloria Wilson, Edith Dewhirst, Audrey Stewart and Doris Broadhead, have entered the Cadet Nurse Corps. Good luck girls.

A few more of the fellows of last year's class have entered the service of our country. Raymond Sullivan, a popular athlete at Johnson High and Holy Cross College, is now in the Navy. Harry MacPherson, star hurler of last year's nine and a member of the Boston Braves, is also in the Navy. John Doherty, a member of last year's class, recently left for the Navy. Herbert Sperry is in the Army. Thomas Gosselin left a few weeks ago for

service in the Navy.

Fay Vincent, '45

EXCHANGES

We are much indebted to the various high schools and colleges for sending us their literary and news publications. We sincerely hope they have enjoyed our magazines as much as we have theirs.

"The Sayrenade," Sayre, Pennsylvania.

Your section, "Report from Our Servicemen Here and There," deserves comment. We thought it was excellent! We would also like to extend our congratulations to Sayre's football team for its wonderful record — eight straight victories and no losses! Nice work, boys.

"The Holten," Danvers, Mass.

Your editorials and literary section were very well done—but the "Knocker" section was tops! We decided to put the following in for the benefit of Latin students.

Boyibus kissibus,
Sweeti girlorum,
Giribus likibus
Wanti somorum
Pater puellibus
Enter parlorum
Kickibus boyibus
Exibus dorum
Nightibus darkibus
Nonus lamporum
Climbibus fencibus
Breechibus torum.

Tommy was called upon in the Latin class to give the principal parts of the verb "delay." With a blank look on his face he nudged his com-

panion and asked, "Say, what is it?" His schoolmate replied, "Darned if I know!" Tommy's eyes brightened, and with a relieved expression on his face, he thundered out, "Darned-if-I-know, darned-if-I-nare, darned-if-I-natum."

"The Reflector," Saginaw, Michigan.

Your papers are a pleasure to read. We particularly enjoyed your poetry and editorials. However, you have a fine selection of humorous articles, too. The "Moron's Column" is pretty good, n'est-ce pas?

Have you heard about the moron

who stayed up all night to study for a blood test?

Who went to the Navy Yard to see a blood vessel?

Who took a quart of milk to the theater because he heard there was going to be a serial?

Who was so bashful he went into the closet to change his mind?

Who strained himself through a screen door?

Who bandaged his toe because the doctor told him he was going to kick the bucket?

Who took a bottle of gin to bed with him so he could sleep tight?

Rita Malek, '45



HUMOR

Sentry: "Who goes there?"

Major: "Major Jones."

Sentry: "I can't let you proceed without the password."

Major: "Drat it, man, I've forgotten it. You know me well enough."

Sentry: "Must have a password."

Voice from the guardhouse: "Don't stand there arguing all night, shoot 'im."

* * *

"Hey, you can't make a right turn on this corner," roared the traffic officer.

"Why not?" asked Gloria Bottai.

"Because, a right turn is wrong here—the left turn is right. If you want to turn right, turn left and then—aw, go ahead."

* * *

Freddy returned from school and met a frowning mother.

"I've just been talking to Mrs. Smith," she said. "She told me that you gave one of her boys a black eye."

He nodded.

"But haven't I told you not to fight?" she scolded.

"Yes mum," he said, "but, you see it's like this. Those boys are twins, and I wanted some way of telling them apart."

* * *

Notice in a Scotch church: "Those in the habit of putting buttons instead of coins in the collection plate will please put in their own buttons and not the buttons from the cushions on the pews."

* * *

"Didn't you have any luck at the races, dear?"

"Luck!" he shouted. "When my horse passed me I leaned over the fence, pointed, and yelled: 'They went up that way.'"

* * *

Captain: "All hands on deck. The ship's leaking."

David Pickles: "Aw, put a pan under it and go back to bed."

The doctor had an urgent call from a gentleman, saying his small son had swallowed a fountain pen.

"All right! I'll come at once," replied the doctor. "What are you doing in the meantime?"

"Using a pencil," came the retort.

* * *

This letter was received from an American conscript: "Dear Colonel: After four months of army life and much sober reflection, I have decided that I cannot support my wife in the manner to which she has been accustomed, on my army pay. Kindly accept my resignation."

* * *

Cavalry Recruit: "Sergeant, pick me out a nice gentle horse."

Sergeant: "Have you ever ridden a horse before?"

Recruit: "No."

Sergeant: "Ah, here's just the animal for you. Never ridden before. You can both start together."

* * *

Brevity is the soul of modern journalism. A budding journalist was told never to use two words where one would do. He carried out this advice in his report of a fatal accident in the following manner:

"John Jones struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank. There was. Age sixty-five."

We are indebted to current publications for our jokes.

Lorraine Lewis, '45



BASKETBALL

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Practice started this year for the girls' basketball team, under the direction of Miss T. Kelly, early in November. About forty girls tried out and a squad of eighteen members was picked. On January 8, Miss Hunt, our new gym teacher, took over the coaching of the team.

The season opened with a defeat for Johnson at Howe High School. Beverly Howard was high scorer for Johnson with a total of 5 points. The result was Johnson 11, Howe 25. The second team also played the Howe team and lost 25-6, with Joyce Robinson high scorer for the home team.

The varsity's next game was played in Andover, with Punchard offering the opposition. Johnson played a good game, but Punchard won 33-22. Beverly Howard was high scorer with a total of ten points.

In the return game, on the North Andover Court, the Johnson team showed considerable improvement and made it possible to have the second team play the entire 3rd quarter. Irene Costello, formerly a guard, played a fine game as forward and Hazel Wood, Joyce Gilman and Helen Turner held the Punchard team to a 43-36 score in favor of Punchard. Jeannette Rea was high scorer for Johnson with 13 points.

The girls' squad is as follows:

Forwards

- I. Costello
- V. Gaudet
- P. Giard
- B. Howard
- J. Rea
- J. Robinson

Guards

- L. Balavich
- G. Bottai
- D. Blanchette
- J. Gilman
- M. Rivet
- H. Turner
- H. Wood
- L. Lewis

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball practice for the boys started soon after the Thanksgiving Holidays. Mr. Lee is boys' coach this year. A number of candidates turned out, and from them the members of the squad were picked.

The Johnson five played their first game with Andover. Johnson came out on the short end of a 23-8 score.

The next game was played at Methuen on a 50-50 basis. The Johnson boys came home the losers 20-17. Clayton Crotch was high scorer of the game with a total of 10 points; Don Hebsch of Methuen was a close second with 8 points.

Clayton Crotch, a member of the senior class, is captain this year and is doing a mighty fine job. He has been on the squad for three years. With a little more practice the fellows should win.

The members of the squad are as follows:

P. Adler	W. Hanscom
N. Campbell	P. Long
C. Crotch	W. McEvoy
D. Dearden	A. McKee
H. Doherty	F. Shottes
N. Evangelos	R. Skinner
P. Fichera	R. Smith
T. Giaquinta	O. Soucy
W. Gosselin	G. Weigel

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